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NARRATIVE POEMS;

BY

ELIZA KNIPE.

Price 3s. 6d.

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NARRATIVE POEMS;

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THE VIZIR.
THE VILLAGE WAKE.
THE RETURN FROM THE CRUSADE.
THE PRUSSIAN OFFICER.
ATOMBOKA AND OMAZA.
HUMANITY.

LONDON:
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M.DCC.LXXXVII.

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

SIR,

I Eſteem myſelf highly honoured by the Permiſſion to dedicate the following Poems to YOU; nor could I wiſh them a better Fate than to be thought worthy of your Acceptance: I fear they can have no Pretenſions to that Honour, but as the early Efforts of an *unletter'd Muſe*, who trembles at the Severity of Criticiſm, and does not hope much even from Candour.

From my Infancy the *fine Arts* have claimed my moſt enthuſiaſtic Admiration: imagine then what Pleaſure I find in offering this little Work to their *acknowledged* PATRON, and publicly declaring that I am, with the higheſt Sentiments of Reſpect and Eſteem,

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PREFACE.

UNEXPERIENCED in the Paths of Literature, I dare not preſume to hope that the following Poems will meet a favourable Reception from the World. The Praiſe of Intimates is too often partial; and, truly ſenſible how difficult the Taſk to judge one's-ſelf, I tremble leſt the PUBLIC VOICE *ſhould be that of* Condemnation.

But if theſe juvenile Eſſays *ſhould ſink into that* Oblivion, *which I fear will be their deſerved Lot, I ſhall ſtill find the higheſt Satisfaction in reflecting, that my Friends have evinced a* Partiality, *in their* Approbation, *which certainly does me the higheſt Honor.*

I take this Opportunity of returning my moſt grateful Acknowledgments to thoſe Ladies *and* Gentlemen *who have ſo kindly patronized this Work; and, with the Hope that, in a leiſure Half-Hour, it may conduce to their Amuſement, I remain*

Their obliged humble Servant,

E. KNIPE.

NARRATIVE POEMS.

THE VIZIR*.

THE VIZIR AZAMETT was train'd, in youth,
To honour, juſtice, and unſully'd truth;
Taught to contemn the tricks of courtly guile,
When MAHMOUD ſaw, and grac'd him with a ſmile:
The beams benignant of his favour ſhone,
He call'd him *Friend*, and plac'd him next the throne.
Tho' rais'd conſpicuous o'er the meaner crew,
His ſoul remain'd to ſocial virtues true;
On *public good* he ſtrove to build his fame,
And ſought the people's manners to reclaim.

---

* The ſubject of this Poem is taken from a French book, entitled *Recueil des Pieces choiſies*; I have not the pleaſure to know by what author it was originally written.

But what the dangers which to pow'r belong!
Nobles and Imans round the Sultan throng;
Suſpicious whiſpers circulate with art,
And drive the Vizir from his Prince's heart:
MAHMOUD, deceiv'd, his fav'ring ſmiles withdrew,
And, with thoſe ſmiles, wealth, friends, and honours flew.

Penſive and ſad, he quits the haunts of man,
And bends his ſteps to deſart KHORAZAN;
A little hut, conſtructed by his hand,
His ſolitary home; a ſpot of land
Which on a riv'let's fertile borders lay,
Employ'd the cares of each returning day.

On the broad wings of Time two years had flown,
Ere his Retirement was to USBEC known;
USBEC the *Sage*, whoſe maxims form'd his mind,
Who virtue's precepts with example join'd.
Through gloomy foreſts, and a pathleſs wild,
Where ſweet ſociety had never ſmil'd,

Friendſhip unwearied led his aged feet
To AZAMETT's unnotic'd, ſtill retreat.
Oft, as he paſt the dewy glade along,
Wild warblers cheer'd him with their native ſong:
When thro' the barren, rocky vale he ſped,
The famiſh'd tiger from his preſence fled;
And the fierce condor, pois'd aloft in air,
Check'd his bold ſtoop, the hoary Sage to ſpare.

Now near approaching to the low abode,
He met the Vizir on the ſcarce-mark'd road:
A mutual recognition ſoon took place;
They claſp'd each other in a fond embrace,
While down the cheeks of USBEG tears diſtill'd,
The face of AZAMETT with joy was fill'd;
His brow with ſweet ſerenity was grac'd,
And in his eyes the lamps of pleaſure blaz'd.

How great, ſaid USBEG, the almighty Pow'r
That ſtrengthens Virtue in the trying hour!

He who ſo late, on GHILEM's happy plains,
Poſſeſs'd a noble houſe, and wide domains,
In deſart KHORAZAN now reſts his head,
Beneath the ſhelter of a lowly ſhed.
Oh! AZAMETT, e'en here thy virtue dwells,
'Midſt frowning rocks, and deep deſerted dells;
Conſoles thee for the loſs of GHILEM's flow'rs,
MEZENDRAN's ſilks, gay HERAT's roſy bow'rs,
And gems of VISAPOR: but can its pow'r
Give pleaſure to the ſolitary hour?
E'en thoſe who boaſt an apathy of mind
Would ſeek ſociety with human-kind;
The want of friends adds horror to the gloom:
Such ſolitude, ſay, is it not a tomb?

Now near the hut with AZAMETT he drew,
Whoſe feet had bruſh'd the morning's earlieſt dew,
Nor ſince repaſs'd the threſhold.—Soon they hear
Loud joyful neighings vibrate on the ear;

A youthful courſer, prancing o'er the plain,
To meet his maſter ſprang; his waving mane
Danc'd in the air, before them ſwift he ſped
To greet his lord, returning to the ſhed.
Two lowing heifers, that were wont to feed
In the green paſture of a neighb'ring mead,
Offer'd their milk, the ev'ning's wholeſome treat,
And bow'd their patient necks the yoke to meet.
From a near rock down-ſtarting, with a bound,
Goats and their kidlings ſought the verdant ground;
With ſpringing ſteps round AZAMETT they ſtray'd,
And in his path their wanton gambols play'd:
Joyful they ſeem'd, a little frolic band,
And fondly jump'd to lick their maſter's hand;
While o'er his ſhoulders and uncover'd head
The cooing doves their ſilver pinions ſpread;
And fearleſs birds, in many a vary'd lay,
Caroll'd a welcome from each bending ſpray.

Yet the wild tokens of exceſſive joy
And love, which all theſe animals employ,
Were nought to thoſe which two young dogs expreſt,
The faithful guardians of the Vizir's reſt:
One ſtep they ſtir not from th' entruſted gate,
But his return with honeſt patience wait,
As willing all their actions ſhould declare
They kept his dwelling with moſt ſacred care!
But ſoon as AZAMETT the threſhold found,
Their glad careſſes then diſdain'd a bound;
Round him they ran, led to the turfy ſeat,
And, lowly crouching, lick'd his welcome feet.
Then if he ſmil'd, and ſtrok'd each bending head,
Darting around the cabin ſwift they ſped;
Pleaſure's exceſs to folly turn'd their play,
And panting at his feet again they lay.

Sage USBEC ſmil'd.—AZ'METT reply'd ſerene:
Thus, from my childhood, have I ever been

The friend of grateful beings. Thus inclin'd,
I ſought the happineſs of human-kind.
Men are ungrateful—*Theſe*, my friend, receive
With pleaſure all the bleſſings I can give:
Their joy with equal joy I ſtill ſurvey,
And my heart feels the ſpeechleſs thanks they pay.
Theſe friends from KHORAZAN diſpel the gloom:
Then is a ſolitude like *this* a tomb?
Oh! USBEC, let me ever thus remain:
I live—I love;—and am belov'd again.

* * *

THE VILLAGE WAKE.

FROM Nature's blooming cheek, with beamy light,
The orient ſun had dry'd the tears of night;
The morning-air breath'd odours thro' the vale,
And light-wing'd Cupids flutter'd in the gale;
When COLIN gaily o'er the meadow paſt,
Hope mark'd his ſprightly ſteps with eager haſte,
A wreath of woodbines on his ſheep-hook hung,
And love's ſweet notes thus warbled from his tongue:

I fly to meet thee, in th' appointed bow'r,
Haſte, PHILLIDA, my love! the chearful hour
Draws nigh, when nymphs and ſhepherds blythe advance
To form the mazes of the circling dance.
What bliſs, to move with thee the joyous round,
Taught by the pipe's exhilarating ſound!

Each object then will charm, each ſcene look gay,
And pleaſure ſhine with bright meridian ray.
But, if my PHILLIDA her hand denies,
No bliſs, to me, the circling dance ſupplies:
Should ſhe the wiſh'd, the hop'd-for, boon refuſe,
The village ſports their gaiety would loſe.
But hence the thought; my PHILLIDA appears,
That placid ſmile diſpels my riſing fears;
She comes to meet me at th' appointed bow'r,
And add new bleſſings to the feſtive hour.

Serene ſhe ſmil'd, nor can the Muſe relate
The untaught charms which on each feature ſate.
Her's was that winning air, devoid of art,
That ſprings from native openneſs of heart:
Her ev'ry look diſclos'd that wiſh to pleaſe,
Which gives, to ſimple nature, grace and eaſe.
Her dreſs was modeſt, plain, and unadorn'd,
Such as the glancing eye of pride had ſcorn'd;

Border'd with ſnow-white lawn, her homely gown,
In graceful folds, diſplay'd its ruſſet brown.
Wild, from beneath her neat ſtraw bonnet's ſhade,
Her auburn hair in artleſs ringlets ſtray'd
To kiſs her blooming cheek, or fondly reſt
In veiling curls to guard her fairer breaſt,
Leſt even Zephyr's breath too rude ſhould rove
Amidſt that ſhrine of innocence and love.

Each youth, aſpiring, ſought her for his bride;
Some ſpoke their love, and others timid ſigh'd:
Their vows and ſighs alike were breath'd in vain,
She echo'd none but COLIN's back again:
COLIN, renown'd for conſtancy and truth,
The dear companion of her early youth;
The pride, the glory, of the village train,
He led the rural ſports upon the plain;
With matchleſs ſkill the bending bow he drew,
And in the ring the ſtouteſt wreſtler threw;

Fleet, in the race, could active COLIN run,
And ſtill, at wake or fair, the prize he won:
But ruder exerciſe could ne'er controul
The gentler graces that adorn'd his ſoul;
Calm was his winning look; whene'er he ſpoke
On the charm'd ear wild notes of muſic broke;
Well was he ſkill'd in legendary lore,
And many a wond'rous tale recounted o'er,
Of gallant knights, who fought at Love's command,
And damſels reſcu'd from Oppreſſion's hand;
Till, round the winter's fire, both old and young,
In fix'd attention, on his accents hung.
No ſwain like COLIN on the pipe could play,
None fram'd like him the love-impaſſion'd lay;
His mind and perſon both, were form'd to charm,
But, ah! his flocks were few, and ſmall his farm.

Full oft, where Nature every grace ſupplies,
Fortune in ſpite her glittering ſtore denies,
And freezes hope in boſoms form'd to prove
The calm delights inſpir'd by mutual love.

Av'rice prevail'd; a father's ſtern decree
Doom'd PHILLIDA, AVARO's bride to be:
AVARO, ſelfiſh, mean, deform'd, and old,
Whoſe fields with flocks were fill'd, whoſe cheſts with gold.
In cities and in courts, Ambition's *rage*
Sees charms in wealth *that ſmooth the brow of age*:
But ſhall the ſcene where Nature meant to bleſs,
The rural ſcene, its baleful pow'r confeſs?
Alas! too ſwift the dire contagion ſpreads
From ſplendid palaces to ruſh-ſtrew'd ſheds;
And Zephyr, paſſing thro' the leafy grove,
Catches the plaintive ſighs of hopeleſs love.

Yet, to her early vows and COLIN true,
No thought of change fair PHILLIDA e'er knew;
She ſcorn'd that droſs by half the world ador'd,
Nor would ſhe wed the man her ſoul abhorr'd:
Tho' duty, filial duty, ſtill deny'd
The wiſh'd-for bleſſing to be COLIN's bride.
Oft in the ſhady bow'r they wont to meet,
Where elms and woodbines form'd a cool retreat;

There, ſhelter'd by the interwoven boughs,
They interchang'd ſoft ſighs and mutual vows;
Vows that the chaſteſt boſoms might approve,
Firm bonds of faith and everlaſting love.
When COLIN's muſic charm'd the liſt'ning throng,
'Twas PHILLIDA alone inſpir'd the ſong:
When the light dancers met upon the green,
COLIN with PHILLIDA was ever ſeen;
Still own'd the lovelieſt pair, they led a train
Of ſmiling ſports along the feſtive plain.

The jocund Wake began at early dawn,
The ſprightly tabor ſounded from the lawn;
Swift thro' the meads the nymphs and ſhepherds flew,
Their light feet kiſs'd the flow'rs impearl'd with dew,
And, to the pipe and merry viol's ſound,
In wanton mazes bounded o'er the ground.

BENVOLIO, Lord of all the neighb'ring plains,
At once belov'd and honour'd by the ſwains,

With pleaſure view'd his tenants' artleſs joy,
And his glad ſoul ſhone beaming in his eye;
That ſparkling eye the heart's delight confeſs'd,
To ſee ſuch numbers by his bounty bleſt!
Conſpicuous 'mid the more diſtinguiſh'd few,
Young PHILLIDA and COLIN caught his view:
And who, he ſaid, the two that now advance,
And lead with lighter ſtep the blytheſome dance?
So ſweet their ſmiles, ſo gracefully they move,
They look like PSYCHE and the GOD of LOVE.

Well was their paſſion known through all the vale;
An aged ſhepherd told the ſimple tale:
He prais'd the manly virtues of the youth,
The fair one's conſtancy, and ſpotleſs truth;
Told how a father's will their bliſs oppos'd,
And all the ſtory of their loves diſclos'd.

BENVOLIO heav'd the ſympathetic ſigh,
His cheek turn'd pale, and lucid grew his eye;

But ſoon he ſmil'd, the roſe reſum'd its hue,
And ſwiftly to her father's cot he flew.

Fond man, he ſaid, by glitt'ring hopes beguil'd,
To ſacrifice to wealth an only child;
Oh! rouſe, for ſhame! let Nature claim her part,
And wake a parent's feelings in thy heart:
If, ſteel'd by av'rice, yet that heart denies
To hear a daughter's ſupplicating ſighs,
Riches, I know, have pow'r thy ſoul to charm,
COLIN henceforth ſhall own my largeſt farm:
Then haſte to join their hands, at Hymen's ſhrine,
And let their mutual happineſs be thine.

Wealth, pow'rful wealth, obtain'd the ſire's conſent;
The happy couple to the altar went:
Their young companions Pleaſure's ſmiles partake,
The BRIDAL FEAST adorns the VILLAGE WAKE.

The bleſt event in mem'ry yet they bear;
And ſtill, as in its round the circling year
Brings the bright morn of that returning day,
They, to BENVOLIO, grateful homage pay;
Wild notes of praiſe in untaught accents breathe,
And deck his portal with *a flow'ry wreath.*

THE

THE RETURN FROM THE CRUSADE.

FROM JUDAH's land, ſad ſcene of mourning!
Where many a Briton bold was ſlain,
Home to his native bow'rs returning,
SIR LEOLINE rode o'er the plain.

High heav'd his breaſt with fond expanſion,
His courſer flew acroſs the green,
He reach'd his father's ancient manſion;—
But, ah! how chang'd the wiſh'd-for ſcene!

Inſtead of Pleaſure's feſtive bowers,
Gay roofs, and decorated halls,
Lo! (ſad reverſe!) diſmantled towers,
Rude graſs-grown courts, and mould'ring walls.

Arachné there, her arras weaving,
Mock'd the vain pomp of courtly pride:
The wind, his ſtartled ear deceiving,
In melancholy murmurs ſigh'd.

He call'd, but heard no voice replying,
No ſound of human ſtep was near:
The hern's loud ſcream, and bittern's crying,
From neighb'ring marſhes met his ear.

Now to its cloſe the day was wending;
Pale twilight ſpread her ſhades around,
And ev'ning's gentle dews, deſcending
In pearly miſts, crept o'er the ground.

O'erwhelm'd with many a ſad ſenſation,
No friendly manſion in his ſight,
Nor cot, nor human habitation,
To ſhield from perils of the night.

All woe-begone, forlorn, deſpairing,
He gave his gen'rous ſteed the rein,
And wander'd reckleſs, little caring
Which way he took acroſs the plain.

Rude grew the path; o'er hill and mountain
He rode, till morn began to riſe,
When, near a willow-ſhaded fountain,
An aged herdſman met his eyes.

To the clear ſpring he drove his cattle,
His face was rough with many a ſcar,
The tokens of ſome well fought battle,
The certain veſtiges of war.

Slow was his ſtep, his head was hoary,
Quick roſe his ſighs (their cauſe how juſt!)
He look'd a monument of glory,
By time nigh moulder'd into duſt.

To him SIR LEOLINE addreſſing
His ſpeech, Hail! aged Sire, he ſaid,
May the Almighty's ev'ry bleſſing
Alight upon thy rev'rend head!

Say, canſt thou tell why, thus neglected,
SIR ALWYN's caſtle ruin'd lies?
Ah! why art thou ſo much affected?
Whence ſpring thoſe tears, that dim thine eyes?

If chance ſome painful recollection
My queſtions in thy boſom wake,
Diſcloſe the cauſe of this affliction,
And let me in thy griefs partake.

Why ſhould'ſt thou hear a tale of ſorrow?
Peace beams upon thy breaſt to-day,
Storms of diſtreſs may riſe to-morrow;
Enjoy life's bleſſings while you may:

For, when the hours of youthful leiſure
Joy's blooming flow'rets round thee throw,
'Tis folly to retire from pleaſure,
And cheriſh ſympathetic woe.

Yet will I tell the mournful ſtory;
And, ah! renounce thoſe glitt'ring arms;
Be deaf to all the calls of glory,
Nor rouſe at battle's loud alarms.

Swiftly SIR LEOLINE diſmounted,
On the green turf his ſhield was thrown;
And thus the hoary Sire recounted
A tale of griefs, too much his own!

From courts and buſy ſcenes retiring,
By ſilver CLWYD's peaceful ſide,
A mutual love their ſouls inſpiring,
Liv'd good SIR ALWYN and his bride.

A ſon, a blooming boy, was given
To crown their bed and bleſs their days;
Long, favour'd of indulgent Heaven,
They wing'd each paſſing hour with praiſe.

Young LEOLINE improv'd in beauty,
In ſenſe and virtue too improv'd;
And long he liv'd a life of duty,
By ev'ry feeling heart belov'd.

At length the trumpet's voice inſpiring
Call'd all the heroes of the land,
And, ardent zeal his boſom firing,
GREAT RICHARD led the warrior band.

Rous'd by the animating ſtory,
He * took his father's arms by night,
And, following the paths of glory,
Brav'd the fierce dangers of the fight.

---

* Sir Leoline.

Long time his parents anxious waited,
In hope he might return again:
In vain that hope their hearts elated,
Ill-fated LEOLINE was ſlain!

One woe comes never unattended,
Another follows cloſe behind;
ALWYN the REGENT had offended—
Revenge and Pow'r are oft combin'd.

At dead of night, when ev'ry mortal
Should taſte the ſweets of balmy reſt,
A band of villains ſtorm the portal,
And each defenceleſs tow'r inveſt.

I heard the din of armour claſhing,
For near SIR ALWYN's room I lay;
Saw ſwords and ſpears together flaſhing,
And ruſh'd amid the thickeſt fray.

I ſaw my friend by foes ſurrounded,
I ſtrove to reſcue him in vain;
Alas! he fell, by hundreds wounded!
My weapon broke, and I was ta'en.

My fate of ev'ry joy bereft me;
Yet, half reſign'd, I pray'd and wept:
One dawn of cheering hope was left me,
My ſiſter, **ALWYN**'s wife, eſcap'd.

Shut out from light, and ev'ry bleſſing,
In dungeon deep three years immur'd,
No friend's ſociety poſſeſſing,
I patiently my woes endur'd.

Again to liberty returning,
MATILDA dwelt in ev'ry thought:
But my fond hopes were chang'd for mourning—
My ſiſter all in vain I ſought.

The iron hand of proud Oppreſſion
Seiz'd my eſtate; and five long years
I've dragg'd on life in this profeſſion;
My name perhaps has reach'd your ears.

His head with awful grandeur rearing,
'Tis EGLAMORE—he would have ſaid;
When, lo! the youth he thought was hearing,
Fainting upon the graſs was laid.

The vizor of his helmet raiſing,
He bore him to the fountain-ſide,
And on his pallid viſage gazing,
'Tis he! 'tis LEOLINE! he cry'd.

A ſeeming echo, loud, uncommon,
Repeated LEOLINE again:——
From a deep cave a graceful woman
Flew o'er the heath-empurpled plain.

Her form was mark'd with ſorrow's traces,
Her mien was nigh diſtraught with care;
Yet time had left her many graces,
Nor dar'd to ſpoil a face ſo fair.

Soon at the fountain-ſide arriving,
She caught the warrior in her arms;
And is he (cry'd ſhe) is he living?
Reſtor'd from death, and ſafe from harms?

My ſon!—my ſon!—'Tis no deluſion;
SIR EGLAMORE, 'tis LEOLINE!
I'll quit my cave, renounce ſecluſion,
For pleaſure once again is mine.

Returning health and animation
Fluſh o'er his cheek, and ope his eyes;
His heart beats high with quick pulſation,
He hears his mother's well-known voice.

Bleſt by the ſudden recognition,
He claſps her to his boſom faſt;
Then, deeply ſtruck with ſad contrition,
He weeps for his offences paſt.

Amazement, ecſtacy, and pleaſure,
Fill EGLAMORE's aſtoniſh'd thought:
What bliſs, to find this ſacred treaſure,
Which he ſo long in vain had ſought!

She read his ſoul, ſhe ſaw his wonder,
Which almoſt ſhook his reaſon's ſeat;
And, pointing to the cave, Look yonder,
She ſaid, behold my late retreat.

Not in the cavern's hollow boſom,
But in its rock-o'erſhadow'd ſide,
Where the thick-ſpreading hawthorns bloſſom,
A little portal is deſcry'd.

An arched paſſage thro' that mountain
Is to a holy convent made,
Thro' which the water from this fountain
In former times has been convey'd;

But, by neglect and long diſuſing,
Tis only fit for ſorrow grown;
It ſuited with my diſmal muſing,
There echo oft has heard my moan.

But now, diſpelling melancholy,
The ſun of joy illumes our days;
Then haſte we to the altar holy,
And pour the grateful ſong of praiſe.

They haſted to the altar holy,
They join'd the ſacred ſong of praiſe;
Renounc'd the gloom of melancholy,
And, thankful, welcom'd happier days.

THE PRUSSIAN OFFICER*.

WHERE POMERANIA's piny woods
And dark-brow'd foreſts wave;
Where glaſſy lakes, and ſtreaming floods,
The ruſhy meadows lave;

EWALD would often fondly rove,
His native ſhades among,
Chaunting reſponſive notes of love,
To many a warbler's ſong.

From infant years compaſſion's ray
Beam'd on his gentle breaſt:
He never caus'd the plaintive lay
That mourn'd a plunder'd neſt.

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* The principal circumſtances in this Poem are taken from the Life of EWALD CHRISTIAN VON KLEIST, prefixed to his works.

When thro' the glade, to guard her young,
The mother linnet fled,
He taught his wand'ring ſteps along
Another path to tread.

In ſoften'd uniſon to woe
Mild pity tun'd his mind;
Tho' ſmall the alms he could beſtow,
The gift was always kind:

For to the boon-imploring cry
He bent his willing ear,
And heav'd a ſympathetic ſigh,
And dropt a ſorr'wing tear.

Oft would he breathe an ardent wiſh
To paſs his peaceful hours
In calm and unambitious bliſs,
'Mid POMERANIA's bow'rs.

But hapleſs EWALD, doom'd to roam
At adverſe Fate's command,
Reluctant left his native home,
For DENMARK's icy land.

From earli'ſt youth his ſoul was fill'd
With Virtue's ſacred lore;
But niggard Fortune ſtill witheld
Her worſhipp'd golden ſtore.

For this he toil'd, but toil'd in vain,
Through regions drear and rude;
For this he ſought th' embattled plain,
Where horror feaſts on blood.

Yet think not baleful av'rice e'er
Could EWALD's paſſions move;
His ev'ry thought, his ev'ry care,
Was prompted ſtill by love.

ELIZA, bleſt with all the charms
Of nature and of art,
Wak'd love's tumultuous alarms
In his impaſſion'd heart.

Well was ſhe ſkill'd in ev'ry wile
That flatt'ry could diſplay;
The artful glance, the ſtudy'd ſmile,
Accuſtom'd to betray.

The mild, the placid look, ally'd
To peaceful calm deſires
She wore, (deceitful veil!) to hide
Ambition's lurking fires.

He, undiſmay'd, each martial toil,
And threat'ning danger, prov'd;
In hopes to ſhare the glorious ſpoil
With her he fondly lov'd.

How vain thoſe hopes!—A richer youth
Eſſay'd her heart to gain:
And ſoon ſhe view'd young EWALD's truth
With coldneſs, and diſdain.

Her falſehood blaſts his early hours,
And withers all his joy;
Deſpair has ſeiz'd his mental pow'rs,
He wiſhes but to die.

Nor let the Cynic's frown ſevere,
His paſſion diſapprove;
But rather drop a gen'rous tear,
To his ill-fated love.

The oak that rears its tow'ring head,
The foreſt's leafy pride,
Sees the low ivy wildly ſpread
O'er its ſuſtaining ſide:

The ſhrub, in winding mazes, ſtrays
Around its ſtately form:
Too ſoon that ſtately form decays,
And ſinks before the ſtorm.

Now PRUSSIA's MONARCH, ſkill'd in war,
To glory leads his train:
His gilded banners gleam afar,
And hoſts imbrown the plain.

There ſlaughter pours the crimſon flood,
And valor pants for breath:
There deſp'rate EWALD, bath'd in blood,
Impatient calls on death.

He oft, amid the thickeſt fight,
To glory led the way:
And oft he turn'd, by *ſingle might*,
The fortune of the day.

Beneath his horror-gleaming ſword,
What foes un-number'd fell,
Let PLAUENS's bloody vale record,
And AUSTRIA's widows tell.

For wild deſpair enflam'd his breaſt;
In war, delight he found;
And conqueſt, from his nodding creſt,
Shook death and terror round.

But, when the battle's rage was o'er,
When, on th' enſanguin'd plain,
The thund'ring cannons ceas'd to roar,
His tears bedew'd the ſlain.

Then, to ſome unfrequented ground,
The dying wretch he led,
And dreſt, himſelf, the ghaſtly wound;
And rais'd the languid head.

Theſe acts humanity approv'd;
From theſe his glory roſe:
By all his troops was EWALD lov'd,
And honor'd, e'en by foes!

The ſun had paſt his northern height,
And, with deſcending ray,
In ſtreaming floods of golden light,
From Leo pour'd the day.

When, marching from the dreary coaſt
That bounds their icey land,
Dark RUSSIA's ſons, a num'rous hoſt,
Met FREDERIC's gallant band.

On * KUNERSDORF's extended plain
They claim'd the promis'd fight;
But ev'ning's clouds, a miſty train,
Drew on the ſhades of night.

---

* Pronounced Koonerſdorf.

Now either camp was huſh'd to reſt,
And from her cloudy throne,
The pale moon, rob'd in lucid veſt,
With wat'ry luſtre ſhone:

When hapleſs EWALD, child of woe,
Within his tent reclin'd;
And *Morpheus*, round his aching brow,
A wreath of poppies twin'd.

Swift from their caves a frantic train
Of airy viſions fled,
Skimm'd lightly o'er the hero's brain,
And flutter'd round his head.

Oft would diſorder'd Fancy ſhew
ELIZA, to his view,
Oe'rwhelm'd with complicated woe,
Yet faithful ſtill, and true.

But when he ſtretch'd his arms, to claſp
The well remember'd fair,
The ſcorning phantom mock'd his graſp,
And melted into air.

Then wild he ſeem'd to wander o'er
The tent-embroider'd plain,
And heard the mimic thunders roar,
And ſaw the heaps of ſlain.

Now, in a thouſand hideous forms,
Gigantic Horror ſpread:
Fierce demons ſcream'd, and angry ſtorms
Slow gather'd o'er his head.

Sudden a vivid glancing ray
Diſpell'd the gloom profound;
All brilliant glow'd the beamy day,
And muſic floated round.

Aloft, in trackleſs ether, hung
A glitt'ring golden cloud,
Where many ſmiling *Seraphs* ſtrung
Their harps, and caroll'd loud.

" *And haſte*, they ſung, " *O mortal haſte*
" *And join our choral lay*;
" *The chilling ſtorms of life are paſt*,
" *And ſorrow fades away*."

Wak'd by the bliſs-inſpiring ſong
He gladly ſtill would hear;
And ſtill, the tented field along,
It ſeem'd to meet his ear.

Already half the load of woes
Was ſcatter'd from his breaſt;
Light, from his couch, the warrior roſe,
And view'd the redd'ning eaſt.

The morning crimſon'd o'er the ſky,
As bluſhing to behold
The numbers, that ere night muſt die,
By pride or av'rice ſold!

The trumpet bade the troops prepare;
The ſteeds impatient neigh'd;
And, ſtreaming to the ambient air,
The hoſtile banners play'd.

Loud was the charge and cannons roar;
Swift mov'd each cloſing rank;
And EWALD, with his valiant *corps*,
Attack'd the *Ruſſian Flank*.

E'en then his ſmiles ſerenely ſhone,
And pleaſure fill'd his eye;
He led his ſoldiers bravely on
To conquer, or to die.

Around him flow'd the tide of gore,
A wide-ſpread, ſteaming flood,
His glitt'ring ſword was purpled o'er
With *Roxolanian Blood.*

Now clouds of ſmoke tumultuous blend,
The balls, loud whiſtling, fly;
While ſhouts, and deaf'ning clamours, rend
The over arching ſky.

Confuſion flaps her raven wings,
And, from her dreary cell,
Triumphant Diſcord wildly ſprings,
With all the brood of Hell.

A thouſand ſcreaming ſpectres ride,
On ev'ry paſſing gale,
That ope their greedy noſtrils wide,
And ſteams of gore inhale.

They bid the tumult louder riſe;
Their ſhrieks are heard afar;
And fate, yet undetermin'd, eyes
The balance of the war.

The valiant deeds that **EWALD** wrought,
The *wonders* of his *ſword*,
Almoſt exceed the pow'r of thought,
Or fancy, to record.

Already, with a choſen train,
Three batt'ry's had he won,
And *chronicled*, in heaps of ſlain,
The feats his arm had done:

Swift, to a *fourth*, his troops he led,
When, urg'd by fate's command,
A ball, with miſchief loaded, ſped
And ſtruck his better hand.

The ſhatter'd hand ſtill faintly claſp'd
The ſword it wont to bear;
But ſoon his *left* the weapon graſp'd,
And wav'd it high in air.

His courage blaz'd with double force,
He ſcorn'd the ſenſe of pain,
And ſpurr'd his panting, foaming, horſe,
Impetuous 'croſs the plain.

The trumpets bray'd a loud alarm,
When, whizzing as it flew,
A bullet met his lifted arm,
And burſt the ſinews through.

And now the wounded hand, once more,
His gleaming ſword diſplay'd,
And ſeem'd to mourn, in tears of gore,
Its wonted pow'rs decay'd.

On ev'ry ſide exulting death
Stalk'd by, in hideous form;
But EWALD, prodigal of breath,
Brav'd danger's wildeſt ſtorm.

Swift, to the batt'ry's ſmoky breaſt,
O'er heaps of ſlain he flew:
BELLONA plum'd her blazing creſt,
And triumph'd at the view.

The cannons ope their iron throats;
Along the reeking ground,
A ſmoke-wrapt, fi'ry volume floats,
And grape-ſhot rattles round.

The *leaden miſchiefs*, fated, fly
With wild, reſiſtleſs, force;
They ſhatter gallant EWALD's thigh
And wound his eager horſe.

Fierce for the fight, and urg'd by pain,
The ſteed impatient grows;
Bounds high, and, on the blood-ſtain'd plain,
His fainting rider throws.

E'en then, when life, to take her flight,
Seem'd hov'ring on the wing,
He cry'd, "*My children bravely fight,*
"*Nor e'er deſert your king!*"

The ſolemn charge his troops obey'd;
Loud ſhouts of vengeance roſe;
Rage nerv'd each arm, and, undiſmay'd,
They ruſh'd on hoſts of foes.

Three vet'rans of the warrior train
To his aſſiſtance flew,
And, thro' the lines, o'er heaps of ſlain,
Their wounded captain drew.

Pale grew his cheek, his pulſe beat low,
Scarce mov'd his languid breath,
While faintneſs, on his manly brow,
Shed the cold dews of death.

Dark night, along the miſty ſkies
Roll'd on her ebon car;
And indiſtinct were heard the cries
Of ſlow retiring war.

The wan moon threw a ſickly gleam
Upon the neighb'ring flood,
Proud ODER, whoſe wide-rolling ſtream
Ran ſtain'd with tides of blood.

A *band* of *Coſſaques*, o'er the plain,
By hopes of plunder led,
Rov'd unreſtrain'd, a lawleſs train!
And baſely robb'd the dead.

Along the ſanguine track they wound,
Where carnage mark'd the way,
And reach'd the ſlaughter-cover'd ground
Where panting EWALD lay.

Their vengeance baſe, their coward pride,
Was kindled at the view;
To a chill ſwamp's unwholeſome ſide
The pow'rleſs chief they drew.

The pitying ruſhes gently bent
To form his dewy bed;
And weeping willows fondly leant
To canopy his head.

The wind, in murmurs ſoft and low,
Among the branches play'd;
And peaceful ſlumber, on his brow,
Her leaden ſceptre laid.

E'er morning roſe with golden light,
And, from the arching ſky,
Withdrew the cloudy veil of night,
Two brave Huſſars rode by.

The moon was hid; a meteor gay
Darted its fires around,
And ſhew'd them where the hero lay
Upon the marſhy ground.

Sudden they turn'd:—grim War no more
Forbade Compaſſion's glow;
And in their manly arms they bore
Their gallant, wounded, foe.

Cloſe by their watch-fire's ſide, they dreſt,
Of ſtraw, an humble bed,
And o'er the chief's unguarded breaſt,
Their ſcreening mantles ſpread.

The plund'ring *Coſſaques* rov'd again
In ſearch of nightly prey;
And naked, on the chilly plain,
Again brave EWALD lay.

Yet here too, Conqueſt round his brow
Her laurel chaplet twin'd;
Triumphant over pain and woe
Roſe his exalted mind.

Bright beam'd the morn :—a *Ruſſian Chief*
The dying Hero found,
And dropt the tear of gen'rous grief
O'er ev'ry ghaſtly wound.

To FRANCKFORT's walls he bade his train
Expiring EWALD bear:
Fate ſmil'd to ſee their efforts vain,
And mock'd their fruitleſs care.

The *Ruſſians*, weeping, round him preſt
To catch his parting breath;
Joy, all ſerene, his viſage dreſt,
He ſmil'd, and welcom'd death.

Thus, in his country's cauſe renown'd,
Intrepid EWALD fell:——
Let Nymphs his tomb with bays ſurround;
Let Bards his praiſes tell.

But, ah! to falſe ELIZA's ear,
May no officious tongue
The verſe that breathes his ſtory bear,
No zephyr waft the ſong:

Leſt keen remorſe, and blaſting ſhame,
Rage wild without controul;
And horrid madneſs light his flame
In her diſorder'd ſoul.

ATOMBOKA AND OMAZA;

AN AFRICAN STORY.

O'ER the black ſwamp the riſing ſun diſplay'd
His fi'ry orb, red gleaming through the miſt.
From the low hut of twiſted canes, which, roof'd
With mangrove-branches, and the broad-leav'd palm,
Shielded the warrior from the nightly dew,
Tall ATOMBOKA roſe: the peerleſs Chief,
High tow'ring in his might, with manly ſtep
Strode o'er the plain. Strait as the lofty palms,
That lift their heads on Zamor's ſun-gilt hills,
The youth appear'd: his arm with matchleſs force
Drew the ſtrong bow, and wing'd the miſſile dart
Unerring; heav'd the pond'rous axe in war,
And hurl'd its flaſhing terrors on the foe.
Fleet up the hill he ran: the haughty bird,
The beam-nurs'd daughter of the torrid ſun,

Who, light, o'er ſandy deſart ſpeeds her way,
Scarce rivall'd ATOMBOKA's ſwiftneſs. He,
Chief of an hundred hills, now rais'd the cry
Of war, tremendous! from ſurrounding caves
That cry re-echo'd, and the warrior-train
Ruſh'd forth: each on his rude-carv'd ebon ſhield
Struck his broad hatchet. Wild the tumult roſe,
With intermingled ſhouts and clatt'ring arms;
Till courage, rous'd to madneſs, loudly claim'd
The fight: fierce expectation ſtrain'd each nerve,
And valour blaz'd in ev'ry flaſhing eye.

Dear to the chief, OMAZA of the rock,
The dark-brow'd beauty often prais'd in ſong,
A feather'd helmet on his forehead bound,
And bore his dart-fill'd quiver to the war;
Herſelf well ſkill'd to throw the certain lance,
Or whirl, with dext'rous arm, the loaded fling:
Around her jetty neck a well-ſtrung row
Of teeth, the trophies of victorious fight,

Torn from the jaw of many a conquer'd foe,
Diſplay'd her pow'r. Firm was her dauntleſs look,
And proud ſhe ſtalk'd by ATOMBOKA's ſide.

The foe drew near.—The SONG of BATTLE roſe;
Fierce ATOMBOKA thus began the ſtrain:—

Blood calls for blood: on this diſtinguiſh'd field
Our fathers fought, our fathers bravely died:
In cloſe array they march'd; their numerous hoſts,
Like ſpreading mangroves, darken'd all the plain:
Determin'd courage throbb'd in every heart;
They ruſh'd, undaunted, on th' inſulting foe.
Loud howl their ghoſts! Their murd'rers' ſons are nigh:
Revenge your ſlaughter'd ſires, or die like them!—
LIFT HIGH THE AXE; *your enemies ſhall fall,*
And pleaſe their ſpirits with a feaſt of blood!

Their breaſts were ſcarr'd with honour-marking wounds;
Their cold hands firmly graſp'd the bloody ſpear;

Their eyes glar'd fiercely ſtill, though fix'd in death;
Their mangled bodies on the ground were left,
A prey to rav'nous vultures and gaunt dogs.
Hark! from the earth accurſt, what hollow groans
And thrilling ſhrieks ariſe!—Our fathers call;
Loud is their cry!—Haſte! countrymen, revenge!—
LIFT HIGH THE AXE; *your enemies ſhall fall,*
And pleaſe their ſpirits with a feaſt of blood!

That dart flew well; it pierc'd a Chieftain's breaſt:
The GENIUS of the WAR, from yonder cloud,
Stretch'd his red arm, and wing'd its rapid flight.
The ſkies are darken'd; hark! the thunder rolls;
Fierce lightnings flaſh, the angry tempeſt ſpreads,
Our fathers ſail upon its mighty wings,
And urge their ſons to fight! their armed hands
Wield heav'n's blue ſpears, and combat in our cauſe!—
LIFT HIGH THE AXE; *your enemies ſhall fall,*
And pleaſe their ſpirits with a feaſt of blood!

Rude was the onſet; loud the clang of arms:
O'er either hoſt Death ſtretch'd his purple wings,
And cover'd thouſands with their baleful ſhade.
ALGANOR poiz'd his jav'lin; ſwift it flew,
And from bold ORKA's boſom pour'd a tide
Of blood. ARWAL, the Chieftain's friend, was near,
And from his bleeding breaſt the weapon drew,
Then fiercely hurl'd it back: ALGANOR fell;
On ULAI's ebon ſhield, with ſudden force,
His rattling quiver ſtruck; forth, with a bound,
A poiſon'd arrow flew, and, as it fell,
Pierc'd the light foot of FATIMA, who ran
To aid her dying lover:—Round his neck
Her gloſſy arms ſhe threw, and fondly rais'd
His drooping head. ALGANOR heav'd a ſigh,
And ſunk in death.—Deſpair and vengeance fir'd
Her panting heart. Soon from her wounded foot
The poiſon'd ſhaft ſhe tore;—a plumed helm
Adorn'd ALGANOR's brow; ARWAL drew near
To ſeize the ſpoil: proud FATIMA aroſe,

And, with the barbed inſtrument of death,
Transfix'd him, ſtooping o'er her lover's corſe:
Then, loud exulting, cry'd, "Behold, my friends,
"The grateful"—here ſhe paus'd; her falt'ring tongue
Deny'd its office; thro' each ſhiv'ring vein
The ſubtle venom ſpread.—She reel'd, ſhe fell;
Th' unfiniſh'd ſentence quiver'd on her lips,
And her great ſpirit fled without a ſigh.

But where the cries of battle loudeſt roſe,
The gallant Chieftain, ATOMBOKA, fought,
And ſtern OMAZA drench'd her arms in blood.—
Their friends were ſlain; a mighty hoſt of foes
Bent all their force againſt the warlike pair.
With matchleſs ſtrength they brav'd ſurrounding deaths,
And wing'd a thouſand ſpirits to the ſhades
Of dark oblivion; till at length, o'erpower'd
By numbers, on the ſanguine field they fell,
Breathleſs and faint.—The proud inſulting foe
Shouted triumphant: round their wounded limbs

A pond'rous chain they twin'd, and on a car
Of interwoven canes, beſet with thorns,
In pomp barbaric, dragg'd them o'er the plain.
They heav'd no ſigh; with patient ſcorn they brav'd
Inſult and pain: the inſtruments of death
Pleas'd their glad ſight; and on the tort'ring fire
They ſmil'd ſerene, and hail'd its riſing blaze.

From a tall rock, a warrior-youth deſcry'd
A gallant ſhip that, bounding o'er the waves,
Spread her white wings, and haſted to the ſhore.
He gave the well-known ſign.—On ev'ry ſide
Calm ſilence ſpread; exulting clamour ceas'd;
Av'rice prevail'd: down to the ſandy beach
They led their patient captives: ſoon the ſhip
Arriv'd, and paid their price.—Two changing moons,
Oe'r the wide earth, had ſpread their ſilver light,
E'er, from ſurrounding hills, the wretched train
To ſlav'ry doom'd were brought.—In ſilent woe
Full many an hour proud ATOMBOKA ſpent;

While ſad OMAZA, with heart-rending groans,
Indulg'd the keener tranſports of deſpair.

The veſſel ſpread her ſails.—The diſtant ſhore
Now leſſen'd on the view.—Still ev'ning rob'd
The ſkies in ſober grey; and the red light
Of parting day ſcarce ting'd the weſtern verge
Of the ſlow rolling ocean. High in Eaſt,
The orb of night with paler radiance ſhone
And ſilver'd o'er the waves.—From the cloſe hold
Sad ATOMBOKA and OMAZA ſtole:
The maſſy chain with ſteady care they bore,
That not a clanking link, with tell-tale noiſe,
Betray'd their flight.—Silent and unobſerv'd
They paſs'd the ſleepy watch, and to the ſide
Of the tall veſſel ſped; there, ſtooping, view'd
The paſſing waves with many a forr'wing look:
Then low, in fearful whiſpers, thus explain'd
The mournful thoughts that roſe in either breaſt.

ATOMBOKA.

See, my OMAZA, how the waters glide,
In ſportive mock'ry, by; they do not know
The harſhneſs of captivity; no pow'r
Can fix a chain on them, or make them leave
Their native bed: but *we* are doom'd to roam
Far from all ſocial joys: perhaps, beneath
Inclement ſkies, to toil at the harſh will
Of a capricious maſter, or endure
The painful ſcourge, inflicted by a wretch
Whoſe ſoul enjoys a fellow-creature's pangs.

OMAZA.

O never will we yield to ſuch a fate;
No rather, from ſome high and craggy rock,
We'll daſh ourſelves, and, in the barren vale,
Feed the fell tigers and devouring birds.

ATOMBOKA.

Thy fancy raves; where ſhall the craggy rock
Be found, when, chain'd to ſome ſtrong ſtake, we feel
The laſh of pow'r? methinks the gentle waves
Invite us to repoſe, and, murm'ring ſoft,
Say, *Reſt, O mortals, from the toils of life!*

OMAZA.

'Tis greatly thought! borne on the rolling main,
We ſoon ſhall reach that bliſsful iſland where
Our fathers' ſpirits reſt, and with them raiſe
The ſong of triumph.——Our inſulting foes
Shall loſe their promis'd vengeance.—

ATOMBOKA.

Hark! I hear
A ghoſt's ſhrill voice! It chides our dull delay,
And waits to guide us to the happy ſhore.

Sudden they plung'd, claſp'd in a fond embrace,
And, o'er their heads, the cloſing waters roll'd.

HUMANITY.

HUMANITY*.

"*Deſcends du haut des cieux auguſte Vérité;*
"*Repands ſur mes écrits ta force et ta clarté.—*
"*Viens; parle; et s'il eſt vrai que la fable, autrefois,*
"*Sut, à tes fiers accens mêler ſa douce voix;*
"*Si ſa main délicate orna ta tête altiere;*
"*Si ſon ombre embellit les traits de ta lumiere;*
"*Avec moi, ſur tes pas, permets-lui de marcher*
"*Pour orner tes attraits, et non pour les cacher.*"

Vide LA HENRIADE, Chant premier.

YE groan-reſounding cells, ye dreary walls,
Where ſtern captivity her maſſy chain
Shakes, and the coward heart of guilt appalls;
Ye ſcenes of keen remorſe and mental pain,

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* The ſubject of this Poem (the humane conduct of Mr. Simpſon, the Turnkey of Norwich Goal) is too well known to need any comment.

Bear witneſs how unhappy ANNA ſigh'd!
How, woe-o'erwhelm'd, ſhe mourn'd the harſh decree,
Which tore her from her faithful EDWARD's ſide
To brave the perils of a ſtormy ſea!

EDWARD, an orphan-youth, by pity's hand,
Within her father's humble cot was rear'd:
Love round her boſom wound his magic band;
Her EDWARD's fortune, e'en in guilt, ſhe ſhar'd.

Nor ye exult whoſe ſouls have ne'er been try'd,
Whoſe feet ne'er wander'd in temptation's way;
Repreſs th' emotions of your ſelfiſh pride,
Doubt your own hearts, and pity thoſe who ſtray.

The lovli'ſt flow'ret, that adorns the meads,
Will ſicken in th' infectious eaſtern blaſt;
The canker-worm on faireſt bloſſoms feeds;
The brighteſt dawn is often overcaſt.

Hope, radiant hope, had never promiſ'd more
Than when ſhe ſmil'd on EDWARD's infant years;
But ſoon her flatt'ring beams were ſhadow'd o'er,
And keen reproach bedew'd his cheek with tears.

For watchful guilt by ſlow approaches mov'd,
And imperceptibly ſubdued his mind:
He fled from virtue:—hapleſs ANNA lov'd;
Though dread the path ſhe could not ſtay behind.

Then keen-ey'd Juſtice gave th' unchanging doom;
The awful mandate trembling conſcience ſign'd;
To a chill priſon's melancholy gloom
Their country's laws the guilty pair confin'd;

Till, on his wide-ſpread wings, relentleſs time
In all its dreaded terrors brings the day,
Fated to tear them from their native clime,
And ev'ry hope of happineſs away.

For fortune with the bitter draught of woe
Fill'd high their chalice, and the boon denied,
The only boon which ſhe could now beſtow,
To ſhare the lot of mis'ry ſide by ſide.

A mother's cares ill-fated ANNA knew;
An infant, from her fond maternal breaſt,
It's little, life-ſuſtaining, pittance drew,
And on her boſom gently ſunk to reſt.

Often, ſhe preſt it, to her heart and ſaid,
" Ah! wretched day! when, fatally beguil'd,
" From virtue's paths thy erring parents ſtray'd,
" And doom'd to wretchedneſs their guiltleſs child.

" Oh! had we toil'd to earn our daily bread,
" Each riſing morn had ſeen our joys increaſe;
" Health on thy cheeks her ruddy glow had ſpread,
" And I been bleſt with innocence and peace.

“ Now, to the damp walls of this dreary cell,
“ Cheerleſs I chant my melancholy ſong,
“ To whiſtling winds my tale of ſorrow tell,
“ And bid them catch it as they paſs along.

“ But ſoon the ſcene will change; for, ah! no more
“ Theſe walls muſt echo to my mournful cries;
“ The wide, the ſtorm-ſwept main, with hollow roar,
“ Will drown the parent's and the lover's voice.

“ See, EDWARD comes, by pitying SIMPSON led;
“ O! let the voice of conſolation ſpeak!
“ Come, Pow'r benevolent, impart thine aid,
“ And wipe the drops of ſorrow from his cheek.”—

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What mournful muſe, in plaintive verſe, ſhall tell
How hard the taſk from thoſe we love to part?
Deſcribe the ſorrows of that ſad farewell,
When hidden anguiſh rends the panting heart?

O! ye, whoſe ſouls in gentle pity melt
At ſtories of imaginary woe,
Will not the griefs more forcibly be felt,
When from the ſource of ſacred truth they flow?

Vain the attempt, with hand unſkill'd, to paint
The ſcene that claims a maſter's utmoſt art;
My pencil marks not, and my tints grow faint,
Nor ſtrength, nor beauty, nor effect impart.

Then let Imagination's boundleſs pow'r,
Expreſſion's place with energy ſupply,
Beam on the ſtill, the meditative hour,
And mark my thoughts to Fancy's glancing eye.

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The parting pang was o'er; but ah! no ray,
Of cheering hope, the heavy hours beguil'd;
No lovely proſpects charm'd the tedious way,
And *univerſal beauty* vainly ſmil'd.

In vain the glowing tints of autumn ſpread
Their mellow'd warmth o'er ev'ry hill and dale;
In vain the mountain rais'd its purple head,
And the bright ſtream meander'd through the vale.

The riſing lark, that tun'd his ſong to joy,
No pleaſure gave to wretched ANNA's ear;
The rural ſcenes, wide-ſpreading on the eye,
Wak'd ſad remembrance, and call'd forth the tear.

SIMPSON, in pity's accents, ſoft and mild,
Strove conſolation's bleſſings to impart,
Turn'd all her thoughts toward her guiltleſs child,
And rous'd maternal feelings in her heart.

The babe, unconſcious of its mother's woe,
Smil'd as ſhe claſp'd it to her panting breaſt;
Serenity adorn'd it's little brow,
And infant joy it's dimpled cheek confeſt.

Now, to the deſtin'd port approaching near,
Her haraſs'd ſenſes wander with affright:
The ſwelling waves howl dreadful in her ear,
And the wide ocean burſts upon her ſight.

An open boat convey'd them o'er the tide:
Poor ANNA's looks were ſad, her accents wild,
Trembling ſhe climb'd the veſſel's ſteepy ſide,
Then fondly turn'd to claſp her darling child.

The CAPTAIN of the HULK, whoſe icy mind
Ne'er glow'd with kind compaſſion's gentle flame,
Whoſe boſom to no tender thought inclin'd,
Stretch'd his rude arm, and barr'd the mother's claim.

The little innocent its infant cries
Mix'd with the roarings of the turbid main,
On its fond mother turn'd its weeping eyes,
And ſtrove to meet her kind embrace in vain.

The CAPTAIN, deaf to pity's ſoften'd tone,
With ſcorn heard SIMPSON eloquently plead,
In bitter taunts mock'd ANNA's ſorr'wing moan,
And boldly glory'd in the brutal deed.

Good Heav'n! what thronging paſſions then oppreſt
The boſom of the nigh-diſtracted fair!
She tore her hair; ſhe beat her throbbing breaſt;
And rav'd in all the wildneſs of deſpair.

On the chill deck her faded form ſhe threw;
Stern was her alter'd look; ſhe ſhriek'd aloud:
"Ah me!—what terrors open on my view!
"See! See!— what horrid phantoms round me croud!

"In their ſtrong arms my helpleſs babe they bear;
"Their meagre grinning jaws are ſtain'd with blood;
"With hungry haſte his little limbs they tear,
"And, from his boſom, drink the purple flood!

“ Ye dogs of hell! why to this fatal ſcene,
“ Run ye ſo faſt?—why do ye howl ſo wild?
“ Oh! let a mother's fondneſs intervene;
“ Glut your fell rage on me; but ſpare my child.

“ In pity ſpare him! — No; it muſt not be;
“ He's dead.— Relentleſs Heav'n forbore to ſave.—
“ Life and the light are hateful now to me:
“ Come Death, and lay me in the gloomy grave.

“ Why ſhould I live? I have no comfort left;
“ No child my ſad ideas to employ:
“ But think not, wretches, ev'ry hope is 'reft,
“ The ſuff'rer yet will find a way to die.

In SIMPSON's eye the dewy drops bright ſhone;
Soft conſolation dwelt upon his tongue;
He ſeem'd a ſpirit, from its ſtarry throne,
On whoſe glad voice ſweet notes of comfort hung.

But all in vain his kind aſſurance ſtrove
To bend her mind to hopes of future joy,
And wake the feelings of maternal love
With promis'd reſtoration of her boy.

No ſound ſhe heard, but of the ſtormy wave
That daſhing broke upon the rugged ſhore;
Her wild eyes rov'd to find a wat'ry grave,
The dark abyſs ſhe panted to explore.

SIMPSON, by kind Humanity impell'd,
Claſp'd the affrighted infant to his breaſt;
Its tear-chill'd cheek to his warm boſom held,
And lull'd it, in his circling arms, to reſt.

Then ſwiftly, with his little charge, he ſped
To where AUGUSTA's ſpires and turrets riſe;
Where winding THAMES ſeems ever proud to ſpread
Trade's well-earn'd bleſſings, and rich plenty's joys.

To SIDNEY's manſion, with unweary'd haſte,
Sure of ſucceſs, he, all undaunted, hied;
For noble-minded SIDNEY ſhines, confeſt,
His *country's bleſſing*, and his *country's pride.*

To him the widow's ſupplicating ſigh
Was never breath'd in vain:—The tears of woe,
Which trickled from the orphan's downcaſt eye,
In his conſoling preſence ceas'd to flow.

SIMPSON, embolden'd, paſs'd the menial crew,
Whoſe avaricious hearts no pity know,
Preſt thro' the croud, ruſh'd on to SIDNEY's view,
And claim'd attention to the tale of woe.

Succeſs the eloquence of nature crown'd:
Compaſſion dwells in SIDNEY's gentle breaſt;
There charity a reſidence has found,
And juſtice reſts, a conſtant, welcome gueſt.

His lib'ral kindneſs did not only prove
The balm to heal a mother's poignant grief,
But, to the anguiſh of deſpairing love,
Gave unexpected and unhop'd relief.

It deſtin'd ANNA to be EDWARD's bride;
Gave him, with her, to paſs the ſtormy ſeas,
At once Protector, Lover, Huſband, Guide,
And each fond name that boaſts a pow'r to pleaſe.

What bliſs ſupreme, what ecſtacy of joy,
Reſplendent beam'd on ANNA's beauteous face,
When, to her eager lips, ſhe preſt her boy,
And claſp'd her EDWARD in a fond embrace!

Then, as the bleſſings trembled from each tongue,
For SIDNEY and protecting SIMPSON giv'n,
The ſacred words Spirits of Mercy ſung,
And wrote them in th' eternal books of Heav'n.

There ev'ry hour, before th' ALMIGHTY's throne,
By Angels is the holy record read;
While Seraphs weave unfading wreaths, to crown,
When time ſhall be no more, each honor'd head.

FINIS.